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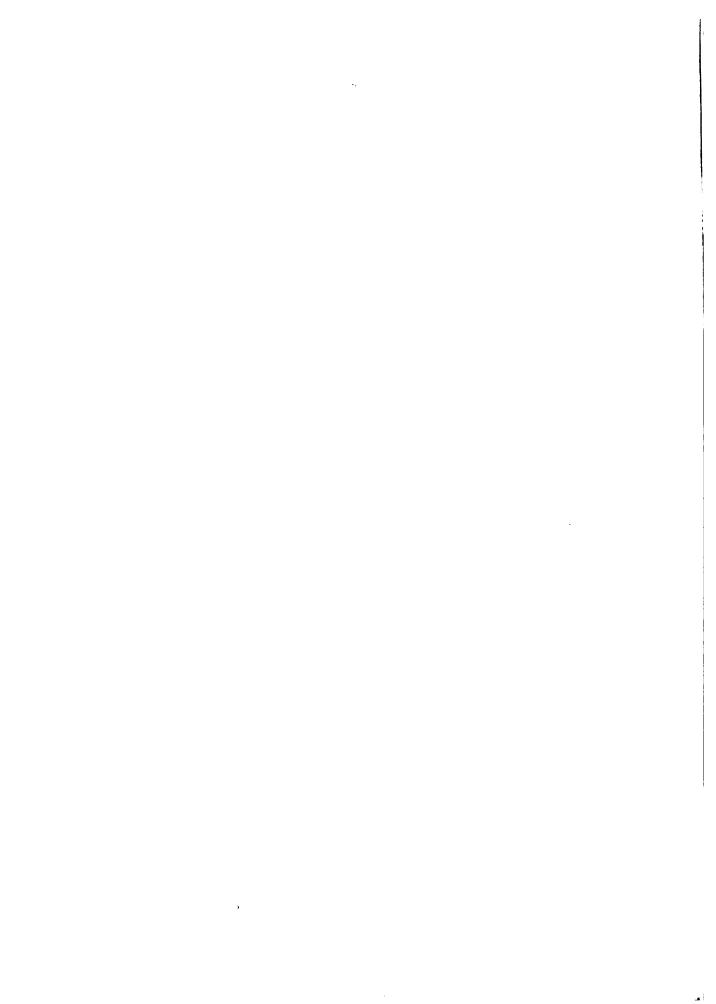


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NEW AND REVISED EDITION.



SONGS OF HARVARD:

A COLLECTION OF

College Songs and Glees

AS SUNG BY

THE GLEE-CLUB AND STUDENTS

OF

HARVARD COLLEGE.

COMPILED BY

H. D. SLEEPER, CLASS OF '89.

SIXTH EDITION.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS:
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Aniversity Press :

JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.

TO THE

MEMBERS OF THE

HARVARD GLEE-CLUB,

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE,

AND TO THE

ALUMNI AND STUDENTS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY,

This Collection of Songs

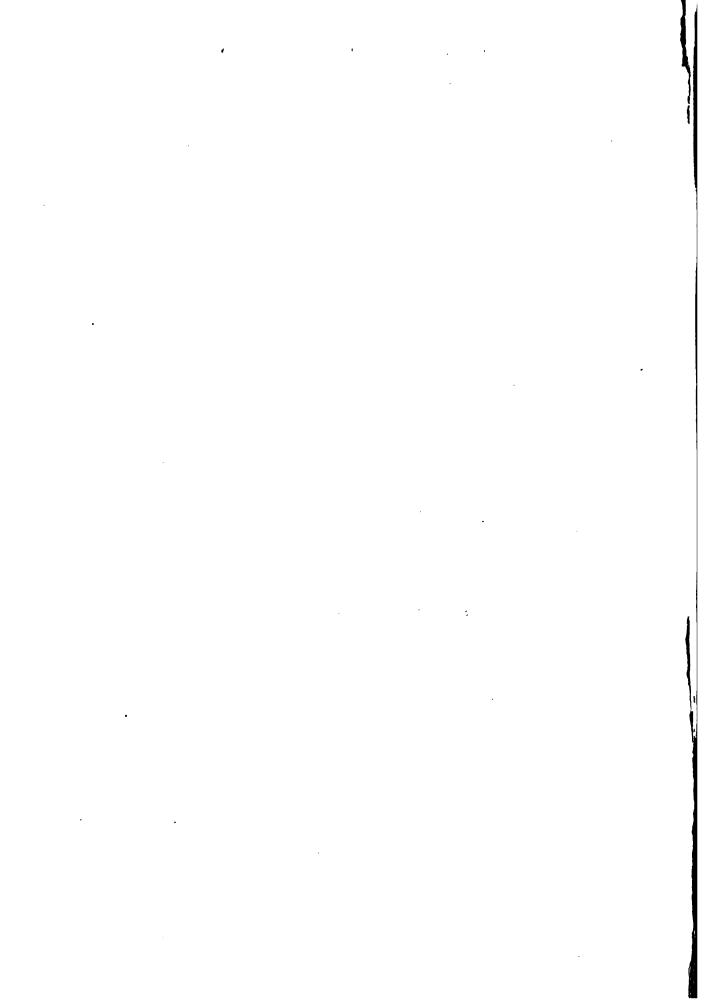
IS DEDICATED,

IN THE SINCERE HOPE THAT IT MAY BE THE MEANS OF AWAKENING THROUGHOUT THE COLLEGE

A GENUINE AND LASTING ENTHUSIASM

FOR

THE SONGS OF OLD HARVARD.



NOTE.

IN presenting to the public the following new collection of College Songs, the Compilers would state that their object has been, not to produce an historically complete book of HARVARD Songs, but merely to preserve, in a form accessible to all, such of them as are best and most recent.

The arrangements throughout the book are for male voices.

Much of whatever success the book may have will be due to the invaluable advice and assistance received from many past and present members of the GLEE CLUB.

H. D. SLEEPER.

H. D. EVERETT.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 1, 1886.

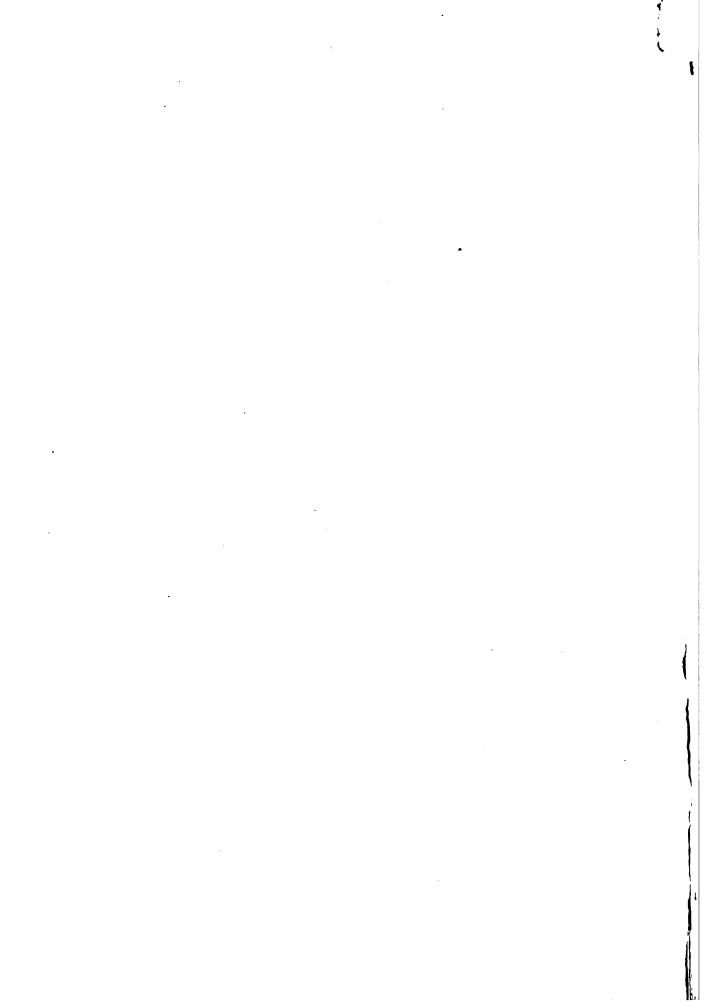


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SONGS OF HARVARD.

FAIR HARVARD.



Words by James Bradstreet Greenough. Music by John Knowles Paine. Maestoso. MELODY IN UNISON. per - be nig - na, Om - ni mo - les, Per - it fec - ta, Fi - li dig -A - ve, ter na, Flu - unt cla, - unt pro - les. tec - ta sae ru hu mox ma - na gau - di ti - bi Ple - no af 0 OS ad tu a Mul - ti e - runt, O - pes lau dem sa cra ve - runt. lig - na so - les Nul - la ae ma Den mor ro. Il -Re au tem, quae tu La - bo ra re, - ma nent. pec - ta Mu - tu de un tes nunc as а lae ti - ti te auc ti te aux Lar si mo - runt ga cres. no vas lau - des Ho - nes per gau - des, ta te sem ci - pli ob - li - na, - vis Dis . quam tu е - ris, Bo ar quas tu se ris, - nae tes. - cul - tos, - le - mus, Nec ce - ris pa - ri mul · tos Cel - e bra aut tos oc dem pa Sap nos mus. am en Al - ti Ve - ri Ex au - des tu ro. - ra cum pros sem nent. - re - ris, - pul - tos, ln tas, quam
o - lim, num ma re ve ter re ae Ac - res Ti - bi Sanc ti ti nunc se de ta cum maes a. sem - per de - mus Pu sanc - ti mo nos

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- 3 "Good evenin'!" says I. "How do you do? And how gets on my sisters two?" Says she, "Poor boy! it's an orphun you are, For you ain't got no sisters, nor yet no pa.
- 4 "Your father was wrecked with a couple of his pals, And digested by the can-ni-bals; One sister was served up in a dish, And the other was exhibited as talking-fish."

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LULLABY.







By permission of G. SCHIRMER.







THE ROSE OF WÖRTHERSEE.





2 At night beneath the starlight
The lake in slumber lay;
Then in a small boat rowing,
He sought the rocky way.
And full of joy he shouted;
For there in beauty bright
He saw the white rose dancing,
As if for his delight.
Around the cruel black rock
The hungry billows break,—

The boat sinks with the hunter,
|: And peaceful is the lake!:|
There floats above the black rock,
Where dark the waters flow,
A rose of wondrous beauty,
With blossom fair and white as snow, —
Upon the rock looks sadly;
And whoso cometh nigh,
Her head, as if in warning,
The rose uplifts on high.

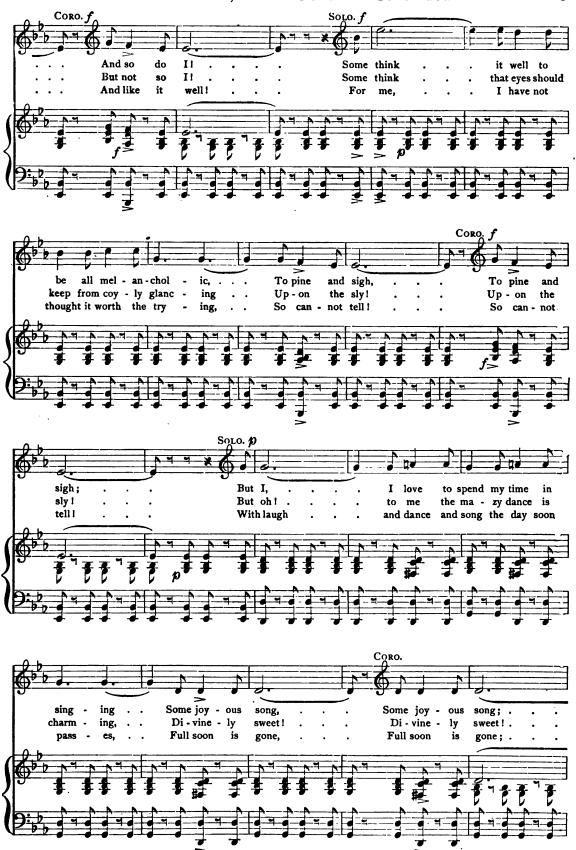




- 2 The bo'swain's mate was very sedate, Yet fond of amusement too; He played hop-scotch with the starboard watch, While the captain, he tickled the crew! And the gunner we had was apparently mad, For he sat on the after rai-ai-ail, And fired salutes with the captain's boots, In the teeth of the booming gale! Then blow, etc.
- 3 The captain sat on the commodore's hat
 And dined, in a royal way,
 Off toasted pigs and pickles and figs
 And gunnery bread each day.
 And the cook was Dutch, and behaved as such;
 For the diet he gave the crew-ew-ew
 Was a number of tons of hot cross-buns
 Served up with sugar and glue.
 Then blow, etc.
- 4 All nautical pride we laid aside,
 And we ran the vessel ashore
 On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles,
 And the rubbly Ubdugs roar.
 And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
 And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;
 And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats
 As they dipped in the shiny sea.
 Then blow, etc.
- 5 On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark, We dined till we all had grown Uncommonly shrunk; when a Chinese junk Came up from the Torriby Zone. She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care, So we cheerily put to sea-ee-ee; And we left all the crew of the junk to chew On the bark of the Rugbug tree. Then blow, etc.



N. B. This song can be sung with or without the chorus.









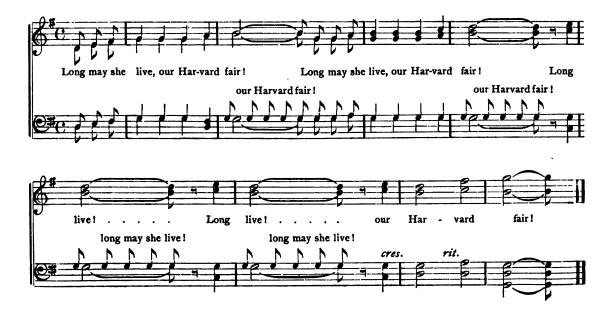
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2 Now glass the second pass along;
And ev'ry drop you pour
Will tip your tongue with joke and wit,
As though a charm it bore,—
Will tip your tongue with joke and wit,
As though a charm it bore.
It warms the heart, and song on song
It wakens, wakens in the soul;
Then let the tones in chorus rise,
As up to Heaven they roll,—
In chorus rise,
As up to Heaven they roll, etc.

3 Then glass the third we reach at last,—
And there the demon sits;
He mounteth to the drinker's head,
And snarleth up his wits,—
He mounteth to the drinker's head,
And snarleth up his wits.
He hideth deep within the flask;
It is his home,—his home, no doubt.
Come, brother, take your glass in hand,
And turn the fellow out,
And turn him out,
And turn the fellow out, etc.

A TOAST.





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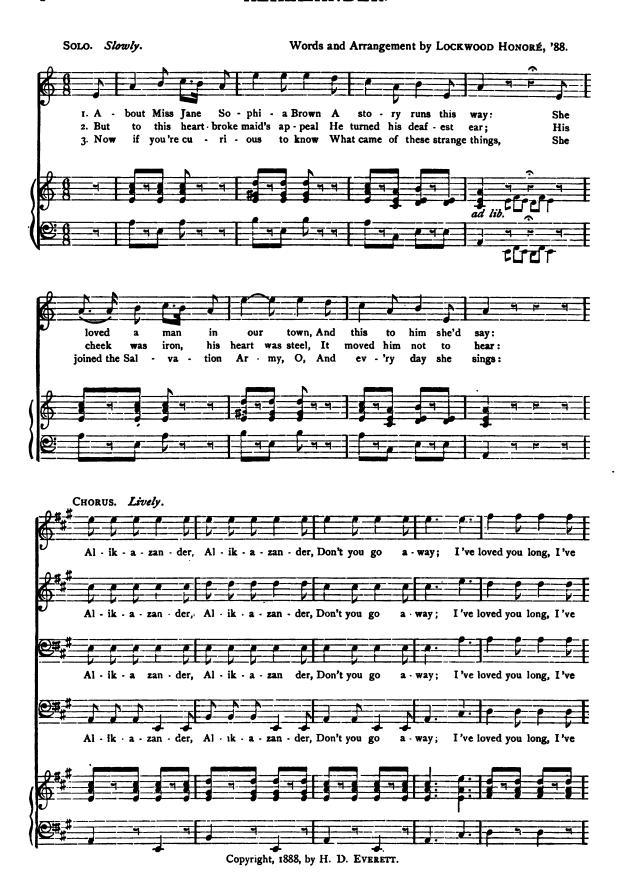
- 2 I niver was stood up for brandy or beer,—
 Me rule is to niver give tick;
 Whin a bum's at the store on a cauld winter's morn,
 It's meself that is making a "kick."
 I sits out a lunch on the table so nate,
 Fat herrin's prasarved in a jar;
 Oi'd cut off the hand of a "snoozer" or "vag"
 That grabs whin I'm back of the bar.
 Tra la la la, etc.
- 3 The till I kapes here in me pocket so safe,
 I loights up me kareosane lamps;
 At dayloight I puts up me shutthers so tight,
 Thin goes in to count up me stamps.
 I am open all day on a Sunday so gay,
 To the young girls I tra la la la;
 They say as they pass by me windee, so swate,
 "Ah! Malone's at the back of the bar!"
 Tra la la la, etc.



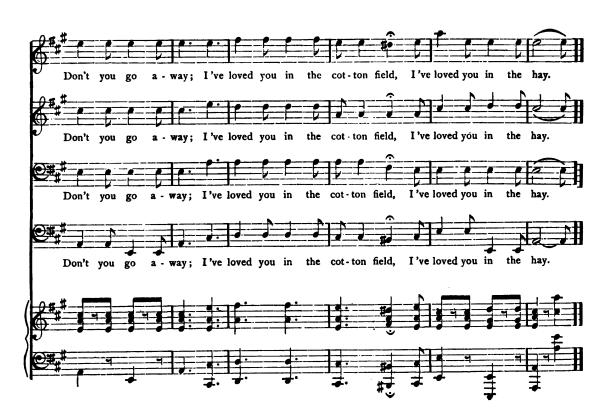


2 When this tattoo is over,
And you hang upon my arm,
Treat me as your trusted lover,—
Never let my heart beat alarm!

Sweet! if only thou 'lt be loving, Through whatever may befall, Then truly thou 'lt discover The meaning of my call!









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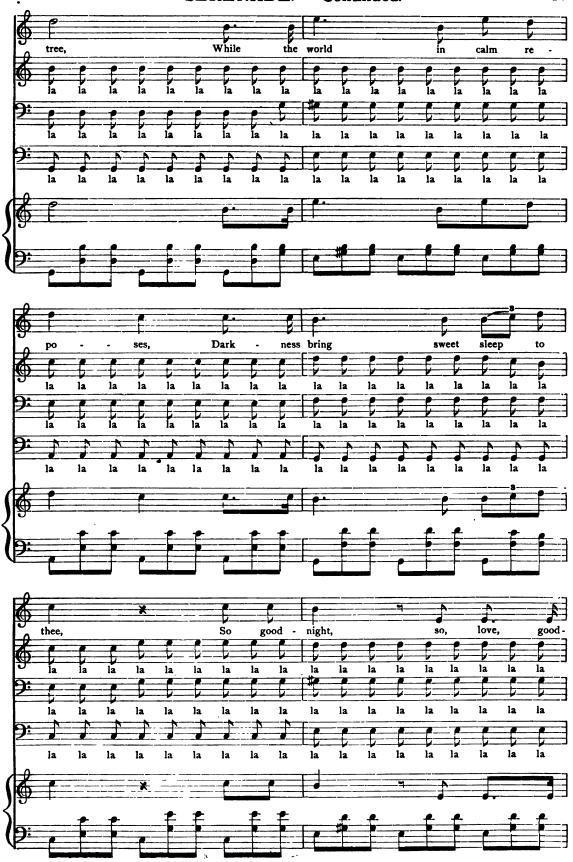
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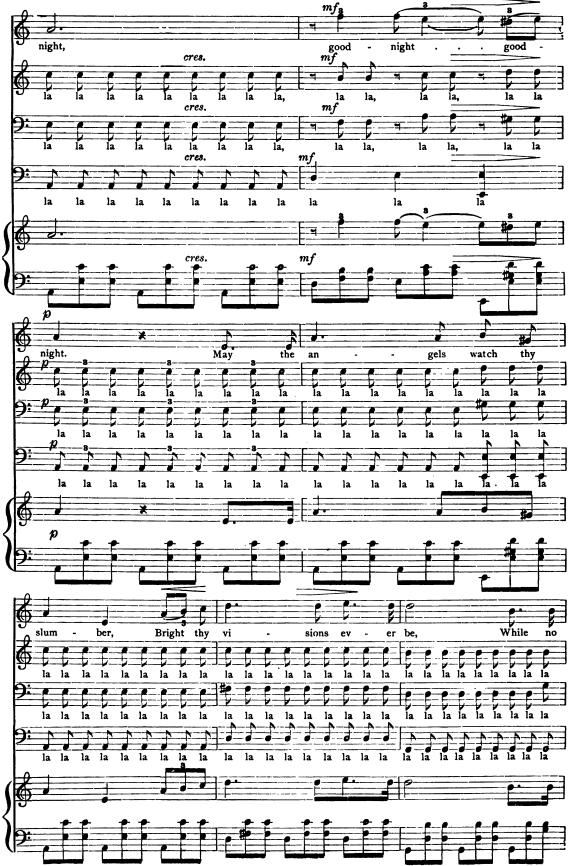


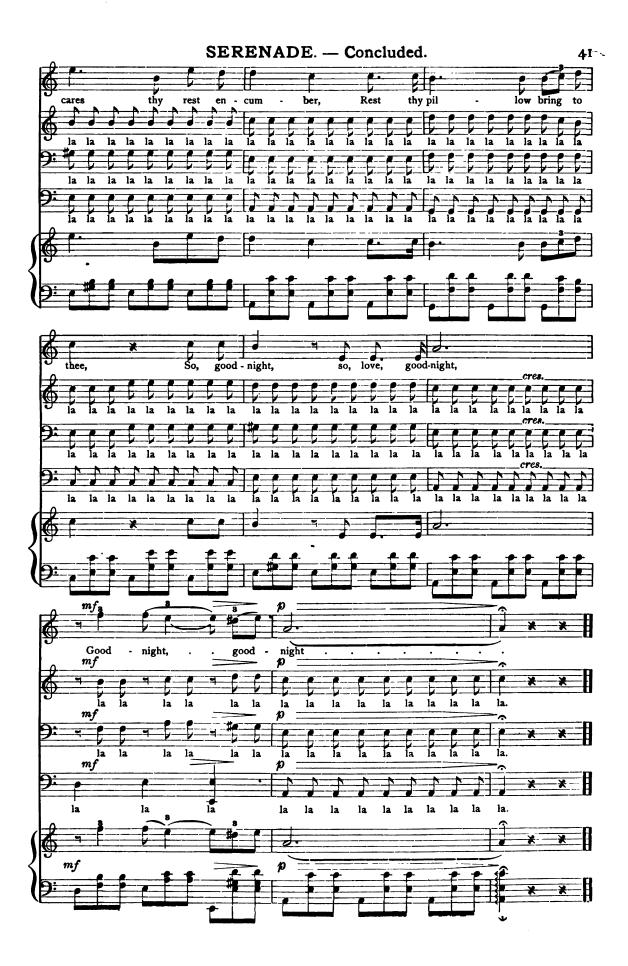
Would the At-lan - tic main, would the At-lan - tic main By permission of CARL PRÜFER.











THE IMAGE OF THE ROSE.

TENOR SOLO AND MALE CHORUS. The Music Composed by G. REICHARDT. Sostenuto, con espressione. TENOR Solo. 1. While thro' rose fresh a val - ley was stray 2. A strange, yet pleas - ing o'er I felt new me, came sense low' - ring, 3. When sor - row's clouds are round me At once the IST TENOR. 2ND TENOR. (With closed lips.) IST BASS. 2ND BASS. (With closed lips.) PIANO. 10 my sight, Such am- ple store bloom-ing met charms dis - play - ing, bos - om life with - in me bound, While I be - held the flow'r be - fore me, Un - wont - ed ro - se's form ap - pears, A charm each an - guish o - ver - pow'r-ing, It stills my









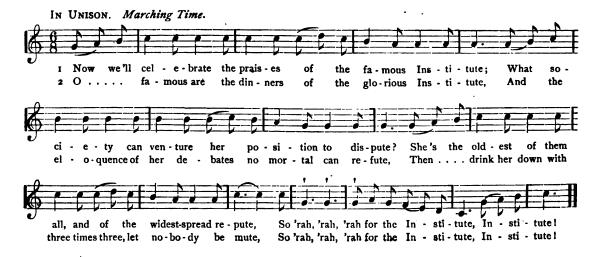
• When sung with the Drum Chorus, the First Tenor may sing the air with the Second Tenor.

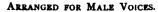
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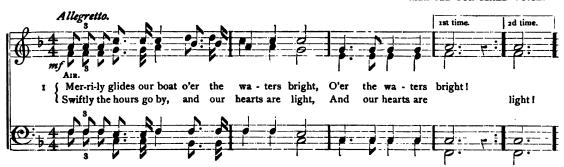




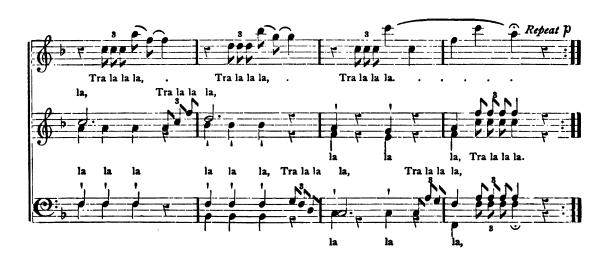
INSTITUTE SONG.











- 2 Playfully ply our oars as we row along, As we row along, Keeping the time exact to our merry song, To our merry song.
- 3 High in the azure sky beams the new moon pale, Beams the new moon pale, Shedding its rays of light over hill and dale, Over hill and dale.















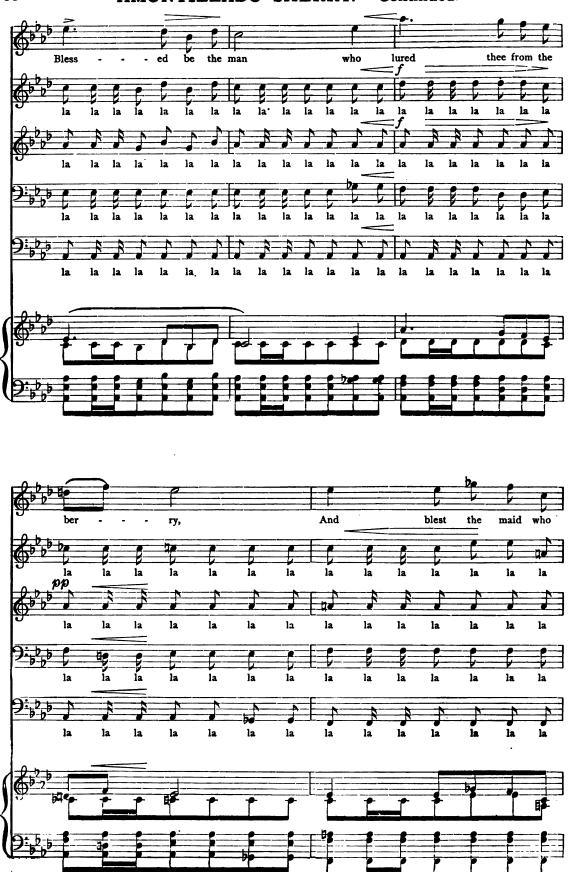
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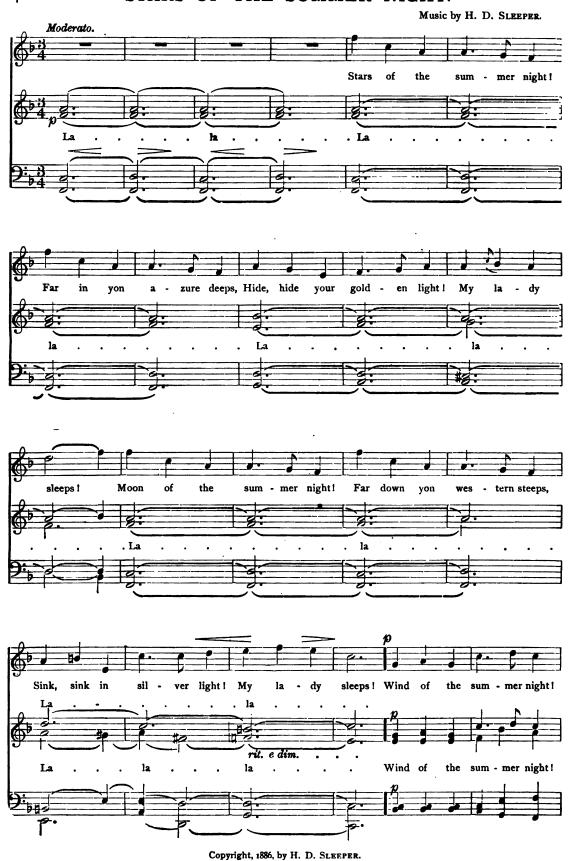


2 Thank you, breath of June!
Now my heart beats free, ah!
Kisses for your hand,
Amigita mia!
You shall live in song.
Ripe and warm and cheery,
Mellowing with years
Like Amontillado sherry.
CHORUS. When old Charon comes, etc

From the German of HEINE, by L. N. K.

B. CARPENTER, '88.



































- 2 Wise art thou, they sing, our mother! Old art thou, and gray thy children! To the darksome gate that closes Life's brief dream thou some hast led. Old, sing we, but youthful ever! Youths, we bring thee youth's gay tribute, — Springtime garlands, red with roses, Fair to grace thy fairer head.
- 3 What reck we of age or sorrow, Merry day to merry morrow, Loving, laughing, marching, cheering Round our mother's triumph-car?

Three good cheers, each merry fellow!
Three times three for his loved lady!
Three times three times three for Harvard!
'Rah! hurrah! hurrah! 'rah! hurrah!

4 Hark! what tramping. Hark! what thunder.

Lo! the legion marching onward,
On before us, on before us,
On before us, thousands strong!
They the sons gone forth to glory,
We the children trooping after,—
Host to host in mutual chorus,
Pouring forth a mighty song.



- I Let children hear the mighty deeds Which God performed of old, Which in our younger years we saw, And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known, His works of power and grace; And we'll convey his wonders down Through every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons, And they again to theirs, That generations yet unborn May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
 Their hope securely stands,
 That they may ne'er forget his works,
 But practise his commands.



This is sung generally without piano accompaniment.

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- 3. They'd scarce been married a month or two, When Imogene packed her trunk and flew Away with a man she hardly knew, Who was cross-eyed and knock-kneed. With his matrimonial knot untied, This leader pined away and died For the loss of his fickle-hearted bride, Sweet Imogene Donahue.
- 4. In regard to Imogene's subsequent fate,
 There's not very much worth while to relate:
 She sold stewed clams at five per plate,
 With a discount to the trade.
 The Band, deprived of its leader dear,
 Had very hard work to earn its beer
 Playing sacred tunes on the Coney Island pier,
 Summer Sunday afternoons.



- 2 Why is there but one real University in America?
- 3 Why did n't Harvard get into the eel-grass?
- 4 Why has the New Haven girl but one foot in the grave?

Local hits should be introduced.









94 THE LEAD STRIKES ENGLISH GROUND. - Concluded.



SKATING SONG.



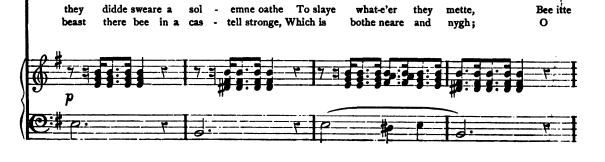
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- 3 Grymme and olde was that stronge castell, And darke the colde stone staire; Yet fill'd with plucke they alle three stryve To guarde the dang'rousse reare. On hands and knees they slowlie creepe; He opes a lowe oake doore. Dysmayde, they liste a dismal squeeke From a ratte-trappe on the floore. One hadde a sworde, one hadde a shielde, And one hadde a twangynge bow.
- 4 Fierce and greate, the salvage ratte
 Didde make a lepe atte they;
 With one accorde they pale and shrieke,
 And straightway flee awaye,
 And one, two, three, downe the harde stone staire
 They howlynge, tumblynge goe,—
 The one wyth hys sworde, the one with hys shielde,
 And the thyrd wyth hys twangynge bow.
 One hadde a sworde, one hadde a shielde,
 And one hadde a twangynge bow.
- 5 They pickedde them uppe: the one had gotte
 A bruisedde, bleedinge nose;
 And one hadde blackedde his left optickke,
 The thyrd hadde torne hys clothes.
 And saddlie home they slowlie toildde,
 And found a lyonne's skynne.
 "The saynts be prays'dde," saydde they; "we may
 Wyth thys renowne yette wynne."
 One hadde a sworde, one had a shielde,
 And one hadde a twangynge bow.
- 6 And to thys day theyre towns-folke say
 They were three heroes bolde,—
 From which 't is cleare they didde notte heare
 The storie we have tolde.
 And he of the sworde is made a lorde,
 And he of the shielde a knighte;
 And eke he now of the twangynge bow
 Is deck'dde with medalles brighte.
 One had a sworde, one had a shielde,
 And one hadde a twangynge bow.

H. H. Furness, Jr., '88.

B. CARPENTER, '88.

Allegretto animato.





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102 THE MAN IN THE MOON'S BALL. - Concluded.





- 2 Oh, the little "boys in blue" Came to see what they could do, And many were the things that they said, said, said; But they did n't yank the bun, For the score was "five to one," — They were beaten, etc.
- 3 Oh, the little "boys in blue"
 Came to see what they could do,
 And many were the things that they said, said, said;
 It was hard to give it up,
 But they could n't get "the cup," —
 They were beaten, etc.
- 4 Oh, the little "boys in blue"

 Came to see what they could do,

 And many were the things that they said, said, said;

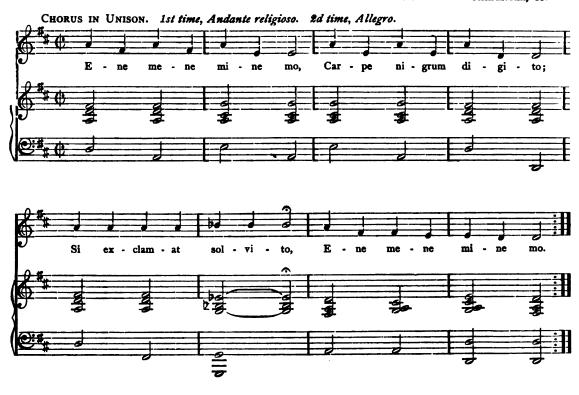
 But when Easton took in "slack"

 You could hear their poor knees crack,—

 They were beaten, etc.

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